

*To The Friend Who Will Think This Poem Is Not
About Him*

When they told me that I could perceive
the extraordinary in the ordinary,
I didn't realize this included you,
and that we would begin as
two people catching lightning bugs
at age nine, darting over
your back lawn with blue Mason jars,
shrieking

There! There!

All the time trying hard to grasp
what was right in front of our faces,
and that we would end as
two people cruising college parties
at age nineteen, pointing out
members of the opposite sex,
whispering

There. There.

And I never realized that somewhere
in between I would find something extra
in the way you smiled or laughed,
something surprising, startling,
that would make me want more
than just talking.
But even when I put a little extra
into my own smile, a little extra
into the glance I give you when we laugh,
I've found that you keep returning
to the me you knew when we were nine,
instead of nineteen, and that you have me
set on shelf where you keep the ordinary,
caught in an old blue Mason jar,
flickering

Here. Here.

Danielle Hughson has declined commenting. Her piece,
however, speaks for itself. (editor's note)